

OTHER TOWNS IN MOURNING

San Francisco Not Alone in Her Sorrow, Many Lives Being Lost and Much Property Destroyed in Other Towns in the Stricken State—San Jose and Santa Rosa Suffer Serious Losses, While Many Patients in Agnew Asylum are Killed—Sacramento, Los Angeles, San Diego Escape.

San Jose, Cal.—Nineteen people were killed in San Jose and the entire business section wrecked. The estimated damage is \$5,000,000.

One hundred and ten were killed and several injured, mostly patients, at Agnew asylum. The building is completely ruined.

Stanford university, memorial church and other buildings are down, damage \$3,000,000. One student named Hanna and one other man killed.

Damage to Pacific Milling company at Santa Clara \$150,000, total loss there half million, no loss of life.

At Golroy about same amount damage, no dead.

At Salinas the Spreckles sugar refinery, valued at \$1,500,000, is completely destroyed.

Reports from Del Monte, Hollister, Watsonville, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Cruz and other southern coast points show slight damage in comparison. At Hollister one man killed, \$100,000 damage. Narrow gauge tunnel at Wrights, three-quarters of a mile long, caved in.

In Del Monte hotel a bridal couple from Benson, Ariz., Mr. and Mrs. Rouser, killed in bed by chimney falling.

The Moreland academy, a Catholic institution at Watsonville, is badly damaged, but no lives lost.

Bridges between Pajaro and Santa Cruz are badly out.

San Quentin prison is intact. The walls were cracked and a few chimneys were upset, but no farther damage was done. During the first big shock the convicts set up walls that could be heard for a mile. They acted like wild animals and tore at their trembling bars like maniacs. Warden Edgar called out all the guards, lined the walls and released the prisoners into the big yard.

A terrible landslide occurred on Loma Prieta mountain. Nine men were buried alive in their cabins at the Hinckley creek mill of the Loma Prieta Lumber company. The slide came down one side of the canyon and swept over to the other side, returning to bury the saw mill and the cabins in 100 feet of dirt. Another fatal landslide occurred at Deer Creek mill, just above Boulder creek. Two men, John Hannah and James Franklin, were caught in their cabins and killed.

ONE HUNDRED DEAD SANTA ROSA'S LIST.

Ruin of Beautiful Town by Earthquake And Fire is Almost Complete.—Business Section Wiped Out.

Santa Rosa, Cal.—The list of known dead now totals fifty-eight and it is believed that 100 is a very conservative estimate of the number of people who lost their lives in the awful catastrophe which visited this city on Wednesday morning April 18.

The entire business section is in ruins and practically every residence in town is more or less damaged, fifteen or twenty being badly wrecked. The damage to residences, however, was caused principally from the damage to the foundations, which let many structures down into the ground. The brick and stone business blocks, together with the public buildings, were all thrown flat. The court house, hall of records, the Occidental and Santa Rosa hotels, the Athenaeum theatre, new Masonic temple, Odd Fellows' block, all banks—everything went, and in all the city not one brick or stone building is standing except the California Northwestern depot.

Bankers and millionaires are going about with only the few dollars they happened to have in their pockets when the crash came, and are little better off than the laborers who are digging through the debris. Money has practically no value here now, for there is no place to spend it, and this phase of the situation presents its own remedy.

Almost every one here is sleeping out of doors, being afraid to enter their homes except for a short while at a time until repairs have been made. There are plenty of provisions. Some have been supplied by other towns and much has been brought in from the surrounding country. Two entire blocks of buildings also escaped being swept by the flames which immediately broke out in a dozen places at once as soon as the shock was over, and from the tangled ruins of these buildings complete stocks of groceries, clothing, etc., are being dug out and added to the common store.

DEAD AT AGNEW.

Victims in Asylum Number 66 Dead; Many Injured.

Oakland, Cal.—Dr. Clark, superintendent of the San Francisco County hospital, telephoned Oakland concerning the situation at the Agnews insane

asylum near San Jose. Dr. Clark said that eleven employees and officers of the institution, including Drs. Kelley and Gell, were killed and twenty injured. Among the patients fifty-five were killed and 120 injured. All the buildings were completely demolished.

Dr. Clark went to Agnews in an automobile, taking four nurses with him, and materially assisted the remaining members of the staff to organize relief measures. Tents have been set up in the grounds of the institution, and the injured, as well as the uninjured, are being cared for. A temporary building is being erected to house the patients until other measures of relief can be taken. Dr. Clark said that there was absolutely no confusion and that he believed all the patients had been accounted for.

FORT BRAGG DESTROYED.

Earthquake, Followed by Fire, Left The Town in Ruins.

Berkeley, Cal.—Private advices received here are to the effect that Fort Bragg, one of the principal lumbering towns of Mendocino county, was almost totally destroyed as the result of a fire following the earthquake.

The bank and other brick buildings were leveled as a result of the tremors and within a few hours fire had completed the work of devastation.

But one person of the 5,000 inhabitants was killed, but scores were injured.

NO TIDAL WAVE.

San Diego Has Not Suffered From the Slight Shock.

San Diego, Cal.—All rumors that there has been a tidal wave or other disaster here are pure inventions. At 4:30 p. m. on Wednesday there was a light shock of earthquake. It did no damage whatever, and was so slight that many people did not feel it. Reports about a disaster to San Diego have been circulated during the past two days, and there is much indignation here over what seems to have been a deliberate attempt to injure the city.

ALAMEDA WAS LUCKY.

No One Was Killed and But Few Buildings Wrecked.

Alameda, Cal.—Although but nine miles from San Francisco, this town did not suffer heavily from the terrible earthquake which caused such havoc in the great city across the bay. Chimneys fell and some buildings were wrecked, notably the Citizen's bank building, but no lives were lost and no one was injured. Alameda people are doing everything in their power to relieve the distress of their neighbors.

Shock Slight at Los Angeles.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A combined request from the municipal officials and all commercial bodies of the city was made Saturday to send out a positive and unequivocal denial of the absurd stories in circulation throughout the east regarding the extent of the earthquake tremor experienced in this city. The shock was very slight and absolutely no damage of any sort resulted. Local officials are receiving inquiries from all parts of the country in reference to it that indicate that extremely erroneous impressions have been received.

Tomasles in Ruins.

Oakland, Cal.—A dispatch from San Rafael says: The town of Tomasles is a pile of ruins. All of the large stores are flat. The Catholic church, a new stone structure, is also ruined. Many ranch houses and barns are down. Two children, Anita and Peter Couzza, were killed in a falling house about a mile from town.

Sacramento Is Safe.

Sacramento—Numerous inquiries from the east indicate some widespread belief that Sacramento was partially or completely demolished. Not a dollar's damage was done. Not a crack in a building or a person was injured.

REVOLVER FALLS FROM POCKET.

Los Angeles Physician Shot While Helping Sufferers in San Francisco.

San Francisco.—Dr. Charles F. Taggart of Los Angeles, who had charge of a corps of nurses at the Hearst relief hospital in the Crocker grammar school on Page street near Baker, was instantly killed on Sunday. An automatic revolver dropped out of his pocket. It discharged and the bullet passed through his heart. Dr. Taggart was one of California's most prominent physicians.

WERE ONCE RICH, NOW SEEKING WORK

Men and Women of San Francisco Waste No Time in Repeating, But Will Seek Employment.

Oakland, Cal.—Crowded by hundreds of refugees in search of aid, the relief stations that were hurriedly established in this city are now the scenes of great activity. Prominent among the departments of the stations are employment bureaus where men and women clamor to be put to work. The survivors are seeking work not only for the money that it will bring but as a relief for minds that have been sorely tried for the past four days.

Gathered among those who are searching for work are men who were in prosperous circumstances. Formerly rich and poor alike are willing to take any kind of employment that is offered. Women who were a few days ago the possessors of snug fortunes are temporarily taking places as do nesties that they may secure homes while order is being restored in San Francisco.

The heads of the employment bureaus announced Sunday that they would have work enough for nearly all applicants. Hundreds are being provided with transportation and sent to Utah, Nevada and portions of California to work on the proposed route of the Western Pacific railway.

SHOCK CAME WHEN PEOPLE WERE SLEEPING.

San Francisco.—The earthquake occurred at 5:15 on Wednesday morning, April 18, causing fires to break out in a dozen localities and as the water mains were destroyed by the shock it soon became apparent that the firemen were powerless, and that the city was doomed to suffer the greatest conflagration of its history.

The great damage to the city was not from the earthquake, but from the flames following, which swept over the entire city, despite the heroic work of the firemen and citizens.

Many were killed by the falling buildings at the moment of the earthquake, while many of injured imprisoned in wrecked buildings were roasted to death. Every conceivable conveyance, from automobiles to handcarts, was pressed into service to convey the injured and dying to improvised hospitals.

Electric power was stopped and street cars did not run. Railroads and ferry boats also ceased operations.

Following the first shock there was another within five minutes, but no nearly so severe. Three hours later there was another slight shock.

This harrowing experience has been a testimonial to the modern steel building. A score of these structures were in course of erection, and not one of these suffered from the earthquake. The completed modern buildings were also immune from harm by earthquake. The buildings that collapsed were all flimsy wooden and old-fashioned brick structures. The damage by earthquake does not begin to compare with the loss by fire.

WILL SOON HAVE PAPERS.

Journals of Stricken City Prepare to Resume Issues.

Oakland, Cal.—The San Francisco daily newspapers, all of which are burned out, are gradually getting it shape to serve their subscribers. On Thursday morning, the day after the fire, the best showing the morning journals could make was a small combination sheet bearing the unique heading, "Call-Chronicle-Examiner." It was set up and printed in the office of the Oakland Tribune. It gave a brief account of the great disaster, and took an optimistic view of the future of the stricken city. The papers though still printed in Oakland, have appeared under their own headings, and with a few illustrations, showing scenes in the streets of San Francisco. It is expected that within a short time they will be able to replace their plants and present their former appearance.

NATION READY TO GIVE MONEY.

President Recommends Further Appropriation of Million and a Half.

Washington.—President Roosevelt on Saturday sent to congress a message, accompanying documents and papers from the war department, recommending the appropriation immediately of an additional \$1,500,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the calamity at San Francisco.

The president conferred with Secretary Taft, with Senator Allison chairman of the senate committee on appropriations, and with other senators and representatives, about the need of further aid for the residents of the stricken city, and a decision was reached that congress should be requested to appropriate the additional \$1,500,000. Assurances were given by the members of congress that the appropriation would be made.

Shot Down by Soldier.

San Francisco.—One of the younger sons of T. P. Riordan, a well known real estate dealer, was shot and instantly killed shortly before the noon hour on Saturday a few feet from his residence. Young Riordan was on his way home and had a bottle of whiskey in his coat pocket. The soldier on duty ordered him to stop and throw the whiskey away, and when Riordan refused, the soldier immediately shot him dead.



CHAPTER XII.

An hour before sunset the fog rolled up, revealing the man-of-war anchored near enough for the men on her deck to be seen plainly without the aid of a glass. The anchors of both vessels were raised at once, and the chase was renewed, with the pursuer not a mile away, and heading about southwest, which would soon bring her within range of the brigantine, whose course lay due west.

A curl of smoke soon rose from the Englishman's deck, and a few seconds later there came the report of a gun. "A pressing invitation for us to show our colors," remarked Lafitte, as he watched the shot strike the water.

A short time passed, with the "Black Petrel's" crew uneasy and Lopez swearing softly in his native tongue. The pursuer then began a more persistent firing with her bow-guns, but none of the shots reached their mark.

Presently Lafitte, who was standing near Lopez, asked quietly, "How would a shot work now? Try, and see."

The old gunner, with a shout due to his long repressed feelings, set about leveling his gun, calculated the distance, and obtained the proper elevation.

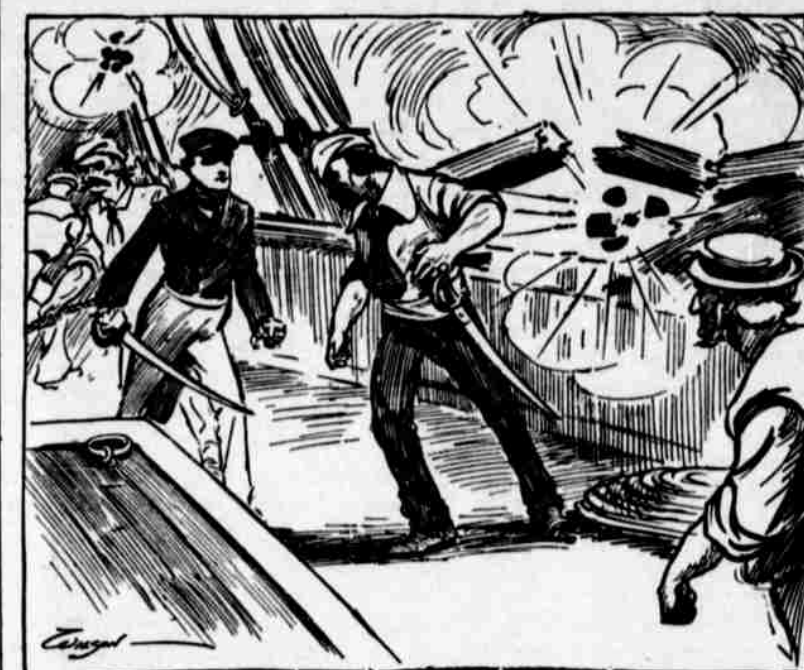
There was a report, soon followed by a trembling of the enemy's spars; and the brigantine's crew crowded to see the result.

"You have struck their foremast, just below the futtocks," announced Lafitte, looking through his glass.

"Aye, sir; and I will sing them another such sweet song," said Lopez coolly, watching his men reload the gun.

The enemy had meantime come a little closer, and was dropping shot viciously about the brigantine.

"Lopez, make haste with the gun!" cried Laro, with an oath. "Give them a dose such as will set them to repairing damages, and—turning to the crew—"should she get close enough



With a cursing cry he sank.

to try any tricks with grappling-irons, have the cutlasses ready, my hearties. And remember that it is no quarter."

A sound, half roar, half snarl, came from the men; and the next moment there was a whistling amongst them as a cannon-ball struck the bulwark in front of Laro, filling the air with bits of wood, and then glancing into the water.

A large, sharply pointed piece of ragged wood struck him in the side, and with a cursing cry he sank, face downward, upon the deck, the blood from his wounds spattering those nearest him, several of whom had been hit by the flying splinters.

Lafitte sprang forward, and placing his arms around the quivering form, turned the distorted face to the air. Then, looking up at the gunner, who was staring wildly at the sight, he cried, "Fire, Lopez, as you never fired before!"

A prompt discharge followed the order, and a wild shout of joy went up from the crew of the "Black Petrel."

The enemy's foremast was again struck, this time with disastrous effect, as could be readily seen; for her crew were getting the sails off with all possible speed. Her fore-mast and top-gallant sails were clewed up, and the topsail-yard let go by the run, while the mast was swaying perceptibly.

Laro, by Lafitte's command, had been borne to the main cabin, where he was laid upon a divan; and the brigantine had been ordered to come to anchor. The enemy had already done this, and, in her present crippled condition, there was nothing to fear from her, as the distance between the vessels was too great for advantageous firing, even had the Englishman been in proper form to continue the fight.

Laro was breathing heavily, in broken gasps; and beckoning to Lafitte, he asked to have sent away those who were about him, still striving to check the blood that flowed so freely as to soak the red of the divan until it showed black.

Lafitte sent the others away, and sitting down by the dying man, took

care of the hands that were already growing cold.

"Jean, you will take care of Lazzalle?" And Laro's black eyes, their mockery forever slain, looked at him with appealing wistfulness.

Lafitte nodded, and pressed the hand he held.

"She will have plenty of wealth, as you know; see that it is delivered to her safely, and kept securely afterward. Take the girl away, Jean; take her to the nuns, in New Orleans, as I should have done before this; and do you and she have the church say masses for my soul. My soul!" he repeated, in a quick gasp. "To where will my soul go?"

As Lafitte's lips parted to speak, the dying man, as if divining what he might be about to say, cried with a sudden burst of strength, "No, no, boy; try to tell me no soothing lies! Living, I never knew fear; and dying I scorn it! Ah—Madre de Dios! Christ have mercy!"

And with this last cry, Laro's voice was stilled forever.

Lafitte's heart repeated the prayer, as he folded the dead man's hands across the broad chest; and scarcely had he done this when he was startled by the noise of a commotion above him.

Stopping only to draw a blanket over the face and form of the dead, he went on deck, where a number of excited men were gathered on the side toward the enemy. His glance had already followed the direction of their eyes, and he saw one of the "Black Petrel's" smallest boats being rowed by the Indian, Ehewah, toward the English vessel; and clinging to it, while his hoarse voice poured forth a volley of menacing words, was Lopez.

Lopez had loosed one of his hands from the boat's gunwale, and drawing his knife, hurled it at the Indian; but Ehewah dodged, and it fell into the sea. He then rowed on, and Lopez, no longer shouting, attempted to draw himself over the stern of the boat.

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and the ghasts he has taken will inform others, showing them where to find what now belongs to the Senorita Lazzalle.

Jaronne, forgetful of his usual restraint when in Lafitte's presence, now broke forth into a flood of curses, which the latter checked at once.

The mate turned to the cabin door, where he paused, and asked in a voice trembling with the anger he dared not show, "Have you any orders for me, captain?"

"None, save to let the men have their supper at once, and see to it that only half-allowance of grog is served. The fog is coming in, and we will sail as soon as may be."

Like an army of shrouded ghosts, the fog was again about the "Black Petrel," enclosing her in a world where she was the sole tangible thing. But, as over a path familiar to blind eyes, the hands that manned her could shape an unerring course for their secure haven.

Long before midnight she was feeling her way north, toward the mouth of the treacherous channel that would bring the crew to their island stronghold, the Barra de Hierro.

The early morning air was heavy with odors of aromatic shrubs growing beyond the beach, and the carol of wakening birds was filling it with music, when Lafitte came ashore, leaving Jaronne in charge of the brigantine.

His course lay inland, at first over waste fields, and then cultivated ones, of sugar cane, coffee and tobacco. Then came some banana and fig plantations, interspersed with groves of palms and coconut trees, until, after a walk of twenty minutes, he reached a clearing in which stood many small huts, evidently dwellings; and apart from these rose the walls of a stone building, surrounded by a high wall, with circular towers at the angles.

Lafitte crossed the open space, and stopping before a stout oaken door in the wall, called for admittance. But there was no response; and, after a longer silence than suited his humor, he fell to striking upon the door, while he called still louder.

This resulted in its soon being opened cautiously, to show a stalwart giant, whose black face and naked arms showed all the darker by contrast with the white cotton of his raiment, draped in a barbaric fashion that told of its not having known thread and needle.

"My young captain!" he exclaimed in Spanish, a pleased surprise lighting his grave face; and catching Lafitte's hand, he kissed it as the latter replied, "Greetings to you, Ezrah. Is it all well here?"

"Yes, my young captain. All is well; but it will be more than well, now that you have returned."

Lafitte waited until the Arab (for such he was) had closed and barred the gate; and then, in a few words, he told him of what had taken place, adding that Laro's body would be brought ashore later in the day, for burial.

Ezrah listened with a face showing no emotion whatever, save perhaps that of anger that the nation his master had taught him to hate should have been the means of the former's death.

His young mistress, the Senorita Lazzalle, was of course not yet awake; and Lafitte, after bidding the Arab to leave her undisturbed, went to his own apartments.

Lazzalle was now sixteen; and, since leaving a convent school in Seville, two years before, her entire time had been passed upon the Barra de Hierro, to which Laro—her only living relative—had brought her, and where she had seemed fully contented with her luxurious and independent life.

Laro, of necessity, passed much of his time away from the Barra de Hierro; and, during his absence, Lazzalle was its head and ruler, except when Lafitte found it necessary to visit the island. Then the Spanish girl gave place—and with entire willingness—to the man whom, from their first meeting, she had loved with all the fervor of her uncurbed nature.

(To be continued.)

Cause of Thanks.

It was a Coffee county boy who married and went to Texas, and upon arriving there wrote promptly back to his friend that he "got there safe and well."

And that was the very last time that he ever did write to them. They waited and they waited, and they wondered and they wondered, and they wondered, and never a word further from the wanderers. Some anxiety was felt, or would have been felt, but for one old woman of distant kin, who whenever his name was mentioned would always say:

"Well, he got that safe, and they're all well, thank God."

Finally his name was dropped, himself forgotten, till one day, ten years after his departure, something brought up his name, and the old query came up "Why doesn't he write?"

And the same old woman piped the same old song.

"Well, anyhow, he got that safe and they're all well, thank God."—Nashville's Banner.

Novel Relay Swimming Race.

A novel cross-channel swimming race from Calais to Dover has been promoted by the Belgian Swimming federation for a challenge cup, to be known as the cross-channel cup. The competition is open to the world for teams of five amateur swimmers. The first swimmer of each team would swim as far as possible across the channel. The second man would then take up the task, and would be followed by the others in turn. The team whose men first reaches shore would win the cup. The race is to take place in July or August.